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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 15th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of Princeton University. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates, and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in Belles-Lettres. For this purpose contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all students. They are due on the first of each month and must be accompanied by the full name of the author. If rejected, they will be returned, with a careful criticism.

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THE
Nassau Literary Magazine

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THALASSA! THALASSA!

LIT. PRIZE FORM

Times have been heavy since our Cyrus died.
Weary with marching, through a barren land
We travel sick at heart, our purpose dead,
Our spirit sapped with toiling. Hostile hoards
Beset us in the van and in the rear.
Time drags, the empty days pass slow. For what
Of hope is left since he who hoped is gone,
Cyrus, the kingliest of a kingly line?
What shall the end be? All night long I dream
Of some sweet quiet by a distant sea,
Some wave-bound cavern where the cerulean light
Steals softly in to sooth me, and I hear
Far murmurings of the ocean, faint and low,
As from a sea-shell pressed upon mine ear.
I wake before the dawn. In this harsh land
We sleep not well; the voices of the night
Call specter-like and rouse us early up.
The long, lone wind that leaps from peak to peak
And shouts and raves among the starlit hills,
I weary, O, I weary of its noise.
Once more to hear the moaning of the sea,
The low, desponding sea. I fain would hear it
And too despond. My heart has been wrought up
Too much of late with bloody matters; I
Am tired of being brave, would gladly lie
By some sequestered solitary shore,
Dream out my life, forgetful of the fight,
The danger and the death. Too long, too long

The endless toil, for yet no end appears.

Now Theces looming from the little hills
Greets first the sun. My vanguard winding up
The vague precipitous pathway almost gains
The commanding ridge, and now it looks beyond
Into the farther country. On the breasts
Of the receding hills the sun sleeps warm,
The clouds low lying in the azure gaps
Call on the heart to rest.

Through the close ranks
There runs like fire a shudder and a shout.
What means this cry, this wild bewildering cry?
Is it of dread or joy, this wave of sound
That rolls tumultuous down the mountain path
And fills the empty valley?

Up, goad on
The lagging beasts, unsheath your swords again,
Lift to the mountain top your answering cry,
On, to the van, and fright the foeman back!
I hear it now, 'tis "Thalassa!" they cry,
"The sea! The sea!" O, let me gain the heights
And look once more across the purple sea,
Across the waves for endless parasangs.
Ah yes, 'tis good. Heap on the useless shields,
The leathern bucklers, pile the granite high.
We'll rest awhile. Before us lies the sea
And a long weary land that stretches home.
We'll think not on it; there are other times
For pain and heart-ache. We have left behind
The empty, moaning desert, and the field,
The unhappy field, where lies our Cyrus dead.
We'll rest us now as 'twere to fight no more,
So build we here a lasting monument.

—Edward Harshberger Butler.

CASTLE AND COMPANY, LOVE MAKERS

LIT. PRIZE STORY

It was certainly a peculiar sign. Claudia leaned forward to read it, but the hansom whisked her by so rapidly that she only half caught its purport. At the corner she stopped her conveyance and alighted, a look of determination marking her face, and as she walked back, Claudia told herself that she was doing so simply because she was always interested in things artistic, even were they only swinging signs. Half way down the block, she paused and looked up at the placard which had first arrested her glance.

It was swaying slightly in the raw wind, and its copper bound edges glistened in the dim December sunlight. The letters were Old English, but the legend read plainly:

**Castle & Company
Love Makers**

For fully a minute Claudia stood still, gazing up at the shield-shaped board, creaking mysteriously on its chain-bound rod. At last her eyes wandered to the brick building whence this strange creation projected.

The building was peculiar, also; old, noticeably old, and with the general air of neglect sometimes worn by property long in litigation. There was a second-hand book-store on the ground floor. Above, Claudia could see only rows of windows. For an instant, she hesitated, then slowly she mounted the dark staircase at one side of the book-store.

At the end of the first flight there was a door set with a pane of ground glass. It, too, bore the legend "Castle and Company," enforced by the addition of a request to "Please knock." This Claudia did not do, but she had scarcely stood on the landing a second when a cheerful

voice from within called "Come." She opened the door, closed it behind her and stood in the office of Castle and Company, Love Makers.

If anything could have been more remarkable than the sign or the building itself, it was this very office. The furniture was upholstered in leather, the walls were hung with burlap and near the low ceiling a plate-rack ran around the room, upon which reposed odd bits of rare china. At an oak desk near the window sat a young man, probably twenty, perhaps twenty-five years old. A brown beard lent his face a certain dignity which a pair of twinkling blue-green eyes belied.

"Is — is this the office of Castle and Company?" began Claudia, somewhat at a loss for what to say.

"I am Armand Castle," said the young man, rising, with a bow. "I presume you have come on business?"

"A — yes," answered Claudia, scarcely knowing what to reply.

The young man seated himself again, drawing towards him a printed blank.

"Name?"

"Claudia Sherbrook."

"Age?"

"Thirty."

"Married?"

"No," she answered promptly, though somewhat surprised at the query.

"Any occupation?"

"N-no."

"Do you prefer any particular type of man — blonde, blue eyes or dark with dark eyes?"

She looked at him a moment, then away, coloring slightly. But he was intent upon filling out the blank and did not see.

"Blonde, I think," she answered.

"Athletic, practical or poetic?"

She was silent for a moment.

"The latter, I believe," she replied finally.

"By mail or in person?"

"I really do n't know," answered Claudia, beginning to feel decidedly embarrassed.

Mr. Armand Castle entered something which she was unable to make out.

"Our rates are fifty dollars a week, in advance," he remarked, and then, apologetically, "the expenses are great, you know."

"Have you a check-book?" asked Claudia. Somehow or other she felt less nervous, now. She had made up her mind.

He pushed a blank check across the table to her, and, seating herself for a moment, she made it out.

"One more question," added Mr. Armand Castle, as he looked over the printed form which he held in his hand, "I suppose you have been made love to before?" He stooped over to jot down a "yes" in the remaining space.

"No," said Claudia.

Mr. Armand Castle stopped short, dropped his pencil and looked up. His glance rested curiously upon her undeniably beautiful face and well rounded figure. After an instant's contemplation, he picked up his pencil, entered her reply, filed the paper and rose. Claudia, rising also, moved toward the entrance. Holding the door open for her, Mr. Armand Castle bowed again.

"I shall call this evening, Miss Sherbrook. With your permission, I shall take charge of you myself."

When she had left the office of Castle and Company, Claudia did not stop, but hurried back to her flat, let herself in and sank down on the couch in the corner to think it over. To begin with, she was indignant with herself for having yielded to the temptation to examine the

swinging sign, but most of all was she angry because she had purchased a commodity which she had hitherto done very well without. Besides, what was she to do with Mr. Armand Castle?

Now Claudia lived in a flat because she wanted to be free — to spend her income as she liked, to do what she wished to do and nothing else. Every duty, every relationship had been carefully arranged and relegated to its proper position in the perspective of her life. And here she, herself, had introduced into her little three-room paradise a most unexpected and disturbing influence in the shape of a blonde-bearded young man.

However, the comforting thought finally came that it was to last only a week, and with a sigh of relief she seated herself before the piano, and in a little while the insidious harmonies of Chopin had driven all else away and the shadows of twilight fell around her and blended the brown Rossetti prints on the walls with their frames and sent the fire-light flickering strangely on the spinning wheel in the corner by the mantel.

By evening Claudia had grown more accustomed to the idea of entertaining Mr. Armand Castle. With a grimace at her reflection in the mirror she began to dress. Her self-respect demanded that she look as well as possible under the circumstances. Perhaps it was her self-respect, also, that led her to put a dark red shade on the bronze lamp of her wee sitting room, for red, one knows, is best calculated to obliterate even the slightest marks of age.

"The stage is ready," she laughed, "now ring up the curtain on your love scene." Yet the management would not have it so. She stood for a moment, waiting in vain, half expecting a knock on the door, and then subsided comfortably into a corner, a volume of de Musset in her hand.

Only the tiny maid, bearing the card of Mr. Armand

Castle, brought her back from Venice and the great dreamer's land of song, and when she rose to greet her visitor, her head was still filled with the music of his verse and the subtle imagery of his thought.

Into all this the newcomer seemed to fit not unreadily, yet a certain consciousness of his duty lent his initial words and actions a constrained air that brought again to Claudia's mind the peculiar circumstances of his coming.

At first attempt, conversation fared but ill. Claudia asked many questions regarding the business of Castle and Company, both because that topic furnished something about which to talk and because the existence of the firm puzzled her, since, however little motive power she herself may have supplied, she had always heard that it was love that made the world go 'round. Little by little Mr. Armand Castle enlightened her upon the subject—told her how careful mammas with young daughters sought out his firm that these debutantes might not be ignorant of the art of being made love to—a very necessary part of the education of the modern society girl, how widows whose attractiveness was failing them, sentimental *matinée* girls and readers of novels frequented the dainty office of Castle and Company, as well as how enterprising hotel managers sometimes hired the whole staff of the firm during the dull intervals of the summer season.

"And then," ended the speaker, "there are some few who, like yourself, come out of curiosity."

"Why do you say that?" asked Claudia. "You have considerably neglected to mention one class of clients—those old maids who do not care to die without experiencing, at least once, the thrill of—of being loved."

"I beg your pardon. You are not an old maid, neither do you have to purchase our wares." He smiled and, with an air of complete self-possession, wandered across the room to the couch where Claudia sat and dropped into a seat be-

side her. She drew her skirts away with a little gesture of contempt. Then she laughed.

"Now to business?" she asked, gaily.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as if scarcely comprehending. He picked up the book which she had been reading. "Are you fond of de Musset?" he asked.

And then it began. Claudia remembered little of what he talked about—only that for an hour or so his soft voice had spoken with kindly sympathy of those later poets who were dearest to her—of de Musset, of Victor Hugo, of Catulle Mendes, of Heine and Swinburne. Many of those who yet lived he knew—all he loved, and through his eyes she gained a new appreciation of their lives and their songs. And it was not until he rose to go that she recalled the fact that she had paid him to come. Then a great wave of indignation swept over her and before she knew it she had voiced her thoughts.

"You have not earned your money this evening," she said, and her voice was full of scorn for the whole transaction which had brought them together.

He made no reply for an instant, then with a laugh which bore the mark of embarrassment, he answered "I fear you are right. You made me forget—which speaks most ill for the way in which I conduct my business. Yet I hope that I have not altogether bored you: it was so good to get away from—from the work."

But after he had left, Claudia sat for a while in the corner, alone. When she rose she smiled to herself. "And I did n't know that he was making love to me all along." And now there was no scorn in her tone—only admiration for the subtle way of the doing.

The morning's mail brought a note from Mr. Armand Castle. Claudia was sitting at her window looking out over the street below, with its carriages plowing through the snow and slush, its busy throngs of hurrying, jostling buy-

ers of bargains, preoccupied and methodical, completing their holiday shopping. The crisp winter air was full of city day-noises—the distant clang of car-gongs, the shouts of vendors of toys, the dull thumping of horses' hoofs upon the snow-covered asphalt. Claudia opened the envelope listlessly, still vaguely longing to be among the Christmas shoppers, gazing in at gorgeous windows, pushing through crowded stores.

Then her glance ran over the sheet of note paper which she held, and she gave a little cry of gladness. For Mr. Armand Castle had asked her to do just that—to wander about the busy streets, near evening, and watch the people. Afterwards, too, he knew of a Hungarian Restaurant where one might dine passably well, listen to absurd music played with great élan and watch more people, of different types, cosmopolitan and strange, speaking in many tongues. Would she care to go? Indeed, yes! She hurried to write a happy little acceptance and sallied forth to find a messenger.

So about tea time, Mr. Armand Castle found Claudia waiting to start upon this strange expedition. A strange expedition indeed! Hastening from store to store, pushing good-naturedly through the mass of pedestrians, running across the streets between threatening delivery wagons and nervous cabs, under the lights and greenery, looking in at atrocious or attractive windows, buying little things just for the sake of buying them, like laughing, chattering children on the one holiday afternoon that school allows, these two found themselves, for a while, a part of the people of the great city and carelessly happy in consequence. Then the theatres opened, and the *personnel* of the crowd changed and they remembered the Hungarian Restaurant. Off again they started, stopping at last before a huge ancient hotel-looking sort of a place in an old quarter of the town. There a table had been kept in a wee balcony, above the

great dining-room, where one might sit and not be seen. Thither Claudia and Mr. Armand Castle threaded their way through the still crowded *salle à manger* and sank with laudable weariness into the chairs the waiter bowed behind.

Claudia's eyes feasted upon the scene below, and she sat, silent, lost in speculation and wonderment. There a magnificent dress of black net mounted with gold butterflies and huge gold flowers caught her eye. The woman wore it well, but her fingers flashed with innumerable rings, and gorgeous bracelets clashed about her wrists as she leaned her elbows on the table and talked to one or the other of the four gentlemen in evening clothes. There again a yellow-haired girl, slightly wide-eyed with the wine and the excitement, chatted volubly and laughed incessantly at her companions who were smoking cigarettes and trying to look less like the boys they were. But everywhere there were also distinguished-looking foreigners, who, for all one knew, might be barbers in the day time, yet who looked diplomats at least, under the witchery of the music and the lights.

For a while Claudia gazed in silence, and then, with a sigh of pleasure, turned to her companion.

"And you like it all?" asked Mr. Armand Castle, who had been watching her—for the rest was an old story to him.

"Ah, so much . . . so much!" She gave the scene another fleeting glance, taking in the *ensemble* of glowing lights and barbarous combinations of color with half-closed eyes, and then the two bent over the *carte du jour*, and together ordered a wonderful dinner, interspersed with strange Hungarian wines burdened with impossible names.

The dinner lasted long, for throughout the evening, in the room below, tables emptied and filled and emptied

again and people came and went continually on that stage, while Claudia from her balcony retreat watched with never-ending surprise. Finally it was over. The coffee, the cigarettes, the liqueurs followed one another in slow procession, and at last, leaning toward each other, with their arms on the table, they talked of many things. Below, the theatre-goers filled the tables, but the little dinner in the balcony was finished, and Claudia and Mr. Armand Castle rose to go.

Back into the quiet streets of the old quarter of the town, across to the gaily lit thoroughfares, still quivering with the life which is theirs until far into the morning, the hectic flush of the last rally that comes near midnight and lasts for yet a little while, partly in silence, sometimes pointing out this or that to each other, they returned to Claudia's silent flat. At the doorway they stood, quiet, reflecting. Then, with a sigh, Claudia thrust the key into the lock and the door swung open. She turned to bid her escort "Good-night." Neither spoke. He stretched out both his hands; hesitatingly she placed hers in them. He held them for a second, raised her finger-tips to his lips, turned and walked down the steps. On the sidewalk he stopped, hat in hand, and glanced back. He could see her form dimly outlined in the open doorway.

"Good-night," he said.

"Good-night," she answered.

And he passed on down the street.

The following days passed rapidly for Claudia, each laden with new experiences—and new joys. Mr. Armand Castle became a sort of revealer of life, a guide through heretofore unexplored pages of world-lore; together they went to the opera, sought the theatre or dined in out of the way places of varied but absorbing interest. Sometimes, too, they merely lounged in Claudia's three-room paradise and talked of books and pictures and things.

It had all seemed a sort of dream to Claudia, she had not thought of it much—just lived and been glad. To-day she had gone up-town to see her sister, and now, a little wet and rather tired, she warmed herself before the grate and began to think, just a bit, about what it meant to her. The little maid brought in a bunch of violets which Mr. Armand Castle had left, and, taking them in her hands, Claudia buried her face in them. Still lost in reverie, she walked to the window and looked out at the street, seeing nothing. Finally she piled up some pillows and curled herself up on the window-seat, and in a moment more had dropped to sleep.

Perhaps it was the heavy scent of the violets, perhaps only a reflection of her waking thoughts, but through fitful dreams there ran a vague thread of connection, and in each there figured sometimes dimly, sometimes more strongly, the fascinating personality of the blonde-bearded young man whose flowers lay in the hollow of her arm.

Darkness came; then night invaded the dainty room, with its curious feminine things, its Rossetti pictures and its shelves of books. Still Claudia slept. The distant rumble of the great city grew more quiet. Yet the strange phantasmagoria of her dreams held Claudia enchained. Suddenly it seemed to her that some one was playing on the organ. She had heard the song before . . . Ah yes, she remembered—*Love's Hour*. The last five notes rang clearer and plainer than the rest . . . "Love's hour . . . and is o'er." There they were again. Claudia sat up, half-awake, her head still full of dreams, her ears ringing with the last notes of the song. Some one was whistling them again. She raised the window and looked out. There, on the side-walk below was a young man enveloped in a huge great-coat, his head lifted, the moonlight playing on his features. It was Mr. Armand Castle.

"Won't you come down and walk with me?" he called, "It is far too pretty a night to stay at home."

Mechanically, Claudia caught up her hat and jacket and hastened down the stairs. Out on the street she pushed her hair back from her face and drew in long breaths of cold, crisp air.

"I have been asleep," she laughed, "and I heard you whistle in my dreams. I'm not at all sure that I am awake yet." She smiled up at him as he helped her into her wrap.

"Do you think you will be warm enough — it is somewhat colder to-night, you know?"

"Oh yes, as soon as we get to walking."

"I tell you what we should do. Let's go down to the bridge and walk across."

As always, Claudia found his suggestion charming, so they hailed a cab and in ten minutes were bowling toward the bridge.

And this walk, too, was marvelous. The lights on the shores, the brilliantly illuminated ferry-boats, the river, white in the moonlight, dotted here and there with shining cakes of ice, the long stretch of glittering roadway, with its web of guy-ropes and massive stone arches, studies in light and shadow — it was a sort of human fairy-land, and they children, crying out and marveling at its beauty.

At the other side they decided to come back by ferry, and as they stumbled down to the dock through dark, sordid streets, it was like coming back to earth again, and they fell silent. Still wrapped in intimate thought, they sought the forward end of the boat, and leaning against the gate, looked far down into the bay. The river wind was chilly. Mr. Armand Castle reached out and touched Claudia's hand. Without a word he slipped off his coat and threw it around her shoulders.

"No, no," she cried, "you will be cold, that way —" She hesitated a moment, then lifting up one corner, she held it open for him. So he came in under its protection,

held it about her shoulders, and, very close together, they watched the opposite shore grow nearer and the lights grow brighter.

The ferry-boat bumped into the slip. A few belated passengers hurried off. For Claudia, the spell had passed. She lifted the coat tenderly from her shoulders and smiled her gratitude. Again they caught a cab, and in a little while they were on the quiet street and the cab had stopped, let them out, turned the corner and left them alone.

Claudia shivered. "I am quite frozen," she said, plaintively, "and you? Come up and we will make some tea."

So they mounted the dark staircase, and in the dainty room the fire twinkled and murmured and the little bronze tea-pot bubbled and chuckled, twisting on the gilded chain which held it. The tea was made and Claudia poured it into tiny cups, and in silence they drank it slowly, talking a little—just a word now and then. There seemed to be no need for more.

After a while Mr. Armand Castle rose.

"I do n't want to go—to leave this warm room and—and you, but it is beyond all the bounds of propriety and I am sure you are tired." He ended somewhat lamely, picking up his coat with a preoccupied air. She helped him on with it. He stood near the door holding the knob in one hand. She was very close to him, but her eyes looked far away—perhaps this, too, was all a part of her dream—a part that she had waked too soon to reach.

He held out his hands and took hers in them, lifted them to his lips, moved closer and let her wrists drop on his shoulders. Suddenly Claudia was aware that she was looking into his eyes. He bent over and drew her toward him. They looked into each other's eyes for a moment—then he kissed her on the mouth. With a breath which was almost a sob, he loosened her arms from his neck,

raised one hand to his lips, opened the door, closed it behind him and was gone.

Claudia remained motionless for a long while, then she slowly crossed the room and stood looking into the fire.

The tiny maid knocked on the door of Claudia's bed-room.

"It is eleven o'clock," she called, "and a messenger has brought a note."

"Bring it in," murmured Claudia, sleepily.

When the blinds were raised, Claudia glanced at the envelope. It bore a bronze Cupid, the seal of Castle and Company. The letter was type-written.

CASTLE & COMPANY, LOVE MAKERS,

MISS CLAUDIA SHERBROOK,

"The Claydon."

"The week of our services for which you contracted has elapsed. If you wish a renewal, it can be obtained by mail or calling in person. We trust that you have found our efforts completely satisfactory, and remain,

Respectfully,

CASTLE & COMPANY.

ARMAND CASTLE, Manager.

Claudia looked about the room in a species of stupefaction. The tiny maid had gone, the sun was streaming in through the parted curtains. No, it was not a dream. Suddenly it came to her what it meant. Open-eyed, she sat up. Then there was a little hysterical laugh.

"Ah—well, it was worth it . . . I am glad"—And then, perhaps to show how glad she was, she buried her face in the pillows and cried herself to sleep again.

—*Pux. P. Hibben.*

THE EARL OF CHATHAM AND THE AMERICAN COLONIES

LIT. PRIZE ORATION

We come here to-day to pay our humble tribute to the memory of George Washington. No word of mine could add lustre to the glory of him whom we revere as the guiding spirit of our war for independence, and whose name will serve as an inspiration wherever oppressed humanity struggles to enjoy the blessings of liberty. But while we can add nothing to the fame of Washington, and could tell nothing of him that has not already been heard by every American, the consideration of a name of equal splendor, and of one, who while an Englishman of the most fervent patriotism, gave, by his impassioned eloquence and uncompromising support, an inestimable encouragement to the Americans in their struggle against oppression, might be at once interesting and instructive. I refer to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

It will be unnecessary for me to recount, in detail, the long series of conflicts between Great Britain and her American colonies. In 1765 parliament passed the celebrated Stamp Act, which immediately called forth vigorous protests from the colonists, and stirred them up to a spirit of determined opposition against its enforcement. It was not the question of a few paltry dollars that aroused the colonists, but it was the realization that, if they should submit to the principles embodied in this Act, their rights, which they possessed as freeborn Englishmen, of self-government and of paying no taxes in the framing of which they had no voice, would be forever lost.

Pitt, who, from the time of his early manhood, was a victim of the gout, had been confined to his bed at the time of the passage of the Stamp Act; but at the next session of

parliament, when the question of its repeal came up for consideration, though still suffering intensely from his malady, he left the sick room and hastened to the house to advocate, with all the force of his genius, the repeal of this pernicious measure.

At the very outset Pitt adopted the position the Americans themselves had taken, that parliament had the power to regulate trade and commerce, but had no right whatsoever to tax the colonists for the purpose of raising revenue, since they had no representatives in parliament; and this doctrine he persistently adhered to during the remaining years of his life. He admitted that, if it came to a test of strength, England could crush America to atoms. But, said he, "your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state and pull down the constitution along with her." "My opinion is, that the Stamp Act be repealed, absolutely, totally and immediately. That the reason for the appeal be assigned because it was founded on an erroneous principle."

The repeal of the Stamp Act, which immediately followed, was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm in America. Not the least cause for this universal rejoicing was to be found in the attitude taken by Pitt, whose praise was upon every tongue, whose words were repeated, amid the wildest acclaim, on innumerable public occasions, and whose name resounded throughout the length and breadth of the continent. When the passage of the Stamp Act was effected, there was scarcely a dissenting voice in parliament, and it looked as if the cause of the Americans was without an advocate in all England. But when the great Pitt, whose courage had frustrated the ambitions of monarchs, whose statesmanship had won empires for his country, threw the weight of his wisdom and judgment upon the side of the colonies, they were assured that their cause was right, that

they had a friend upon whom they could depend in every emergency; and they were emboldened to maintain to the bitter end that principle which they were fighting to establish.

The angry passions aroused by the Stamp Act had scarcely begun to cool, when another untimely measure, imposing a tax upon certain imports into the colonies, stirred up anew a spirit of dissatisfaction and a sense of tyranny, destined never to be appeased until the colonies had thrown off their allegiance to the mother country. Thence followed in quick succession those clashes between America and England: the Boston Massacre, the Boston Tea Party, Lexington and Concord, Bunker Hill, each one more bitter than its predecessor, all culminating in the Declaration of Independence.

During all these years of growing estrangement between the colonists and the mother country, Pitt never retreated from the position he had occupied at first. His protests in the House of Lords, after he had been raised to the peerage, were as unceasing and as vigorous as they had been in the House of Commons. Time and again he reiterated his conviction that England had no right to tax America, and maintained that parliament alone was responsible for the troubles that had arisen by having persistently endeavored to deprive the Americans of their inalienable rights. The conduct of the war and the iniquitous expedients resorted to by his countrymen in their efforts to insure success, aroused his deepest indignation. The employment of Hessian troops and the alliances with the Indians were particularly condemned in lofty bursts of eloquence that stir one's blood.

Conciliation was the key-note of all his speeches. He affirmed that the colonists loved the mother country and that nothing but the deprivation of their rights could alienate their affections. Even after independence had

been declared he still held it was not too late, and urged the repeal of all those acts adopted since 1763 that were a subject of grievance among the colonies. But every conciliatory measure that he introduced into parliament was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

In this manner Lord Chatham endeavored to alter the policy pursued by parliament; but however earnest were his efforts to stay hostilities and to bring about reconciliation, they were all without avail. While his words were a tremendous encouragement to the Americans in their heroic struggle, and a comfort to them in the hour of their despondency, they never for an instant softened the stony hearts of the British legislators.

There is something intensely dramatic in the position now occupied by the great Lord Chatham. For years he had stood at the head of the English nation, exercising almost kingly powers, guiding and directing the affairs of state with the most consummate wisdom. His every wish had been complied with, his very word was law. But now, in the twilight of old age, with the consuming fires of disease emaciating his body, and, at times, beclouding his intellect, he stood almost alone against the entire legislative powers of England, protesting, with all the force of his eloquence that still flashed forth with undiminished splendor, against the injustice exercised over the American people. At no time were his fearless courage and his hatred of tyranny displayed with greater majesty. One can dare great things with a nation like England at one's back, and such had Chatham done in the years of his long administration. But after having tasted the fruits of unlimited power, to give up that power, and retire to a place of complete subordination, to oppose that people that had once accorded him the most implicit support, to contend with those who once had been his colleagues and friends, all in the mere support of a principle, required courage and a devotion to justice and truth of the highest quality.

The closing scene in the life of this great man was a fitting climax to a long life of unselfish public service. In 1778 a bill was introduced into parliament granting peace to the Americans on terms of their independence. But Pitt was not yet ready for this. To him the establishment of the independence of America meant that "the sun of Great Britain would be set forever." He knew that the two branches of the house of Bourbon, Spain and France, her hereditary foes, were to glory and exult in any humiliation of his country; and he could not endure that the great kingdom which had been built up by his own colossal genius and statemanship, embracing the Indian empire and vast possessions in North America, should begin to crumble in his own life-time. Although he was suffering at this time the most extreme physical anguish, and his health was in a precarious condition, he cast aside all considerations of personal welfare, and hastened to the house to "lift up voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy."

Pitt entered the house wrapped in flannels up to his knees, supported by his son and son-in-law. So wan and wasted was his countenance, so feeble and faltering his manner, that he looked like a dying man. The peers, out of respect for his years and public service, stood up and made a lane for him to pass through to his seat. The discussion upon the pending bill was begun; but it was soon made apparent that the fire of Pitt's eloquence had well-nigh burnt out. Those brilliant flashes of intellect, that scathing sarcasm, that at once astounded his hearers and put to confusion his enemies, were no longer present; merely a last faint glimmer among the dying embers of his oratory remained. He attempted to reply to the Duke of Richmond who spoke in opposition to him, but his feeble efforts to regain his feet were all in vain. His strength was gone; his mind was shattered; but with that

indomitable spirit which had characterized his entire career, he clung tenaciously to his purpose. One more effort to rise—it was his last; and, placing his hand upon his heart, he fell down in convulsions. He was immediately removed to his home, where, after lingering for a few days, he died on the eleventh of May, 1778.

Such, in brief, is a sketch of Lord Chatham and his relations to the American colonies. We have seen how firmly he advocated those principles for which the Americans contended, and how nobly he strove to convince his fellow countrymen what a foolish and fatal course they were pursuing. His devotion to their cause won for him a place deep in the affections of our forefathers. And we, in ascribing glory and honor to those mighty men who so bravely won for us our independence, should not forget, in passing, the service done for us by the Earl of Chatham, but should hold him, too, in our everlasting gratitude and esteem.

—William Woods.

HIDDEN TREASURE

God gives our sleep, but fancy paints our dreams,
And weaves the dusky raiment of our sleep,
With colors caught from wakeful hours that keep
The shadowings of bright reality.
Her noiseless hands create those soft-light beams
That charm the sleeping eyes with imagery.
Yet truths are shown before the dream-weighed eye,
And rich thoughts in our sleeping fancy lie,
Like snow-white pebbles in some quiet stream.
The rising sun may drink the bright brook dry,
Yet still the precious stones unaltered gleam.

—Louis Woodruff Wallner.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

At that period of English history when the influences of the Reformation were in full swing, when young blood was hot, and when the air was full of romance and intrigue, plot and counter-plot, love and adventure—in those stirring days the power of the English navy began to assert itself to the world. The rise of England as a sea-power was not gradual. In a comparatively short space of time, English seamen had established upon a firm basis the prowess of England upon the seas.

This rise from a peaceful trading nation to an aggressive, sea-roving one is due largely to three men, John Hawkins, Frobisher and Drake. We look in particular to Drake as the primal type of an English naval hero. His whole career is invested with a glamour that raises him in minds of all Englishmen to the level of a demi-god. His deeds soon passed into legend and his personality has, in a measure, become as obscure as that of King Arthur or Sir Guy of Warwick.

We find in Drake the boldness, brusqueness, breeziness and bull-headed ruggedness of purpose characteristic of his days. The fact that his nature was formed of curious antitheses contributed to a great extent toward making him the man that he was. Relentless in his enmity to Philip and to Spain, no other sea-rover was so kind and merciful to his prisoners. In these times it was almost unheard of for a victor to release any that fell into his power—yet such was Drake's custom. He was, furthermore, possessed of an indomitable will, and with this attribute, together with an utter disregard for any established rules or precedents, he raised himself to a plane to which no other English seaman, (with the possible exception of Nelson,) has ever attained.

The one incident that is by some considered a stain

upon his splendid career is that known as the Doughty episode. Suffice it to say that in these rough days, when plots and suspicions were rife, Drake had every reason for harboring grave fears of any mutineer, no matter how feeble the efforts of that mutineer might be. Drake could be if he chose, and in fact he was, an absolute despot, clothed with the power of life and death.

The execution of Doughty is a true revelation of Drake's manhood. The scene is the barren shore of the Port St. Julian, and there, in the background, are the decayed remains of a gallows erected by Magellan, while at its foot gleam the whitened skeletons of the two mutineers for whom the rough old admiral had provided it; in the foreground the preparations for the administration of the sacrament—surely a grisly contrast.

With great simplicity Drake and Doughty, executioner and condemned, knelt and took the sacrament together, like the bosom friends that they had been. Then Drake rose, and with one stroke of his sword severed the prisoner's head from his body. With steady hand and firm voice he held up the dripping head and cried, "Lo! this is the end of all traitors."

Of such a mettle, then, was the man who was to influence English history to such a degree, that it is to him that she owes her independence, her faith, and her commercial activity. It is not an exaggeration to say that Drake was in the greatest measure responsible for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It was his care and forethought for the building and preparation of ships for the fleet, that changed the destinies of England. It was his magnetism and dominant personality that fired the cowardly with courage and inspired the brave to nobler deeds. It was his coolness and consummate seamanship that carried that eventful day off Gravelines and won the decisive move in the great naval crusade.

This victory for England and for the Protestant faith was more far-reaching in its effects than might appear upon the surface. Not only did it go far toward establishing England firmly in that position of a first rate continental power which she has since occupied, but also insured to her the consequent domination of the commerce of the world which ever follows in the wake of a puissant navy. Only the mastery of the seas which Drake gained and which men like him have kept, has been able to place the nation beyond the reach of all encroaching powers, even beyond the unlimited ambition of a Napoleon.

When Elizabeth ascended the throne, she found the country but half recovered from the confusion into which the events of Bloody Mary's reign had thrown it. By a natural reaction the ranks of Protestantism were beginning to gain in strength. All these affronts and insults to Spain, the stronghold of Catholicism, offered by the small privateering craft of the time, were just so much added stimulus to the English Protestants. Their defiance of Spain, the destruction of the invincible Armada—these facts were fuel for the flames, and within a year, the Reformation swept with renewed vigor over the entire country.

—*Raymond Boileau Mixsell.*

LEVELS

Far overhead, in untried air,
A lonely eagle sails,
And soaring effortless to where
Presumptuous eyesight, baffled, fails,
On winds unfelt by earth-bound things,
He is borne up on quiet wings.

So, calm and strong, near unseen goals,
The great-heart lonely swings,
Watched wonderingly by little souls
Who only know life's little things,
And cannot understand what force
Lifts him unerring on his course.

—*Samuel Duff McCoy.*

GUSTAV

The snow driven by the shrieking wind whirled madly through the air. Amidst this blinding play of perfect white in the utter black of night, a lone figure sped over the plain—a man clad in fur, now erect, now bending, leaping, darting ahead, pausing, and again bounding onward.

In Dorlac the Swedes were hard beset by the host of the Russian Tzar, the great Peter. For long weeks they had resisted every attempt of the Russian to take the town, but dread famine stalked into their midst, armed with the piercing cold of that terrible winter. Though the call of patriotism rang clear, the whisper of humanity proved potent. That storm-swept night the captains of the Swedish garrison, seeing no succor at hand, sat in the council chamber with the Russian marshals drafting terms of capitulation to take effect at midnight.

Carl the Ninth, of Sweden, "The Mad King of The

North" had received intelligence of the situation of his countrymen. Abandoning his southern campaign, he hastened with his army toward Dorlac. At dusk the Swedes were twenty miles from the town, when the clouds in the sky grew more dense and snow fell rapidly. It drove the flakes into their faces, forcing them to halt ere they lost their way. The sturdy northerners did not fear exposure to the snow, but their hearts were filled with vexation that they must cease their impetuous dash toward their countrymen; an hour's delay might seal the fate of Dorlac, whose defenders knew nothing of Carl's approach. Heralds made fruitless efforts to fight a way through the storm.

Carl paced beneath his hastily erected tent, chafing over the delay, and pondering how he might communicate with the beleaguered town. His captains dared not approach him in this mood. Suddenly the door opened. A private entered, tall, of well-proportioned frame. His cheeks glowed with ruddy health and his eye gleamed with hidden fires. Carl recognized the laughing-stock and, at the same time, the object of wonder of the whole army, Gustav, dubbed "The Poet." In the midst of comrades this man lived alone, fighting invisible foes and welcoming incomprehensible joys, seizing eagerly stray scraps of paper upon which to photograph his moods in verse. In victory he had fled with the cowards; in defeat he had fought in front of his comrades. Startled, though not surprised at anything the man might do, Carl turned upon him abruptly. "What do you here?" he asked. "I come for permission to carry intelligence of your approach to Dorlac." Carl looked him full in the face, then drew a paper from his coat, and handed it to Gustav with the one word, "Go!" The poet disappeared. The king continued to pace the ground, but his troubled look had given place to assurance. Without reason, impelled by a mysterious force, he fully trusted Gustav's ability to reach Dorlac through the storm.

Gustav was nature's child, not a man who roamed the woods in summer and lingered by babbling brooks, but one who loved nature in her sterner moods, who welcomed the icy breath of the North and the swirling snow, who sought nature in elemental purity of action.

Gustav was a friend of the snow-storm. Snow and wind and plain had revealed to this son of Sweden all their secrets. While others labored in vain to find their way against the blinding storm, Gustav left the camp fearlessly, without hesitation, plunged into the battle of black and white and passed on straight "as the crow flies," toward the despairing town.

For fifteen miles of the way the wind swept the snow into his face and strove to press him back; the intense cold sought to penetrate his furs; snow-drifts impeded his progress. Gustav minded not; the greater the obstruction, the more abundant his delight. He leapt for joy among the drifts.

The colder the night grew, the warmer flowed Gustav's blood; the fiercer the wind, the more vigorous his footsteps. At length the elements gave over their resistance and turned to assist their playmate; five miles from Dorlac the wind changed and almost carried Gustav in his arms toward the town.

At nine in the evening, Gustav's keen senses perceived the Russian army before him and, beyond, the towers of Dorlac. So thick was the snow that he advanced unnoticed through the enemies lines, where the sentries had become frozen statues, in the purest death that can fall to the lot of man.

He passed them by and secured admission into the town; soon found the public hall, hastened up the stairs and opened the door of the council chamber. He was just in time.

At the end of the room a great table was drawn close to a dying fire. On one side stood a group of weary Swed-

ish captains, wearing an expression of profound despair as one by one they signed a scroll containing the terms of surrender. Opposite them the fur-cloaked Russian lieutenants watched this preceding with a complacent air.

Gustav stood on the threshold an instant, comprehending the situation. As the startled officers raised their eyes toward his wild, panting figure, the poet exclaimed "Wänt a—Scrip inte—Kung Carl—skall komma—snart!" He snatched the document from the table, tore it twice and swooned to the floor with a cry of joy.

The furious snow storm soon spent its strength. At four in the morning, the full moon shone bright, spreading long sombre shadows from the towers of Dorlac over the vast expanse of liquid white beyond. The snow stretching unbroken to the horizon and the countless, silent stars above instilled sweet peace among the anxious captains awaiting Carl's coming. Soon they saw a black spot in the distance, growing larger as it drew near. When the vanguard of Carl's army approached the gates and saluted the town, the rear of the Russian host disappeared over the horizon. Dorlac was saved to Sweden.

In the council chamber Gustav lay dead. He had composed his last and greatest poem, but it was not a poem written in words.

—*Henry Goddard Leach,*

"THE SCAR"

Just beyond the outskirts of a small Virginian town, there stood, some distance from the highway, one of those stately old mansions that before the war were so characteristic of country localities in Old Dominion. To the passer-by, little of Marston Manor was visible, save the eaves over the crests of the oaks and elms, that covered the grounds.

To one side of the wide gateway, a small passage had been broken through a ragged hedge, and from this opening, the only entrance to the unpromising abode, a footpath cut a narrow way up the grass-covered avenue. This little path alone betrayed that any human being had entered the neglected park, since the great iron gate had clanged fast and its hinges rusted in their sockets. Within, weeds and wild grass had over-run the walks and lawns. The utter abandonment of the place grew pathetic when the classic outline of the deserted home appeared.

One twilight evening, late in summer, two men sat upon the broad steps, that led up to the portico of the mansion. They were both somewhat advanced beyond the prime of life; gray-haired men, whose faces bore clearly the finger marks of time. The conversation was plainly labored, and almost entirely sustained by one. The other was glancing here and there about the grounds, as if searching among the fast lengthening shadows for objects that were once familiar. He had removed his hat and sat uncovered in the early moonlight.

The slanting moonbeams, touching his white locks and lighting up his countenance, revealed his patrician features of a soft type. His forehead had once been high and open, but across it, running close to his silver hair, had been gashed a long crimson scar. The jagged seam appeared to gleam supernaturally in the moonlight,

but strangely its peculiar lustre at times almost faded away, then like a glow-worm, burst forth with a bloody fire, that colored the whole face.

"Ralph" said the other gentleman, "I had hope that travelling or age, at least, would free you of that old hallucination, but you hold to your fancy as firmly, as when years ago you abandoned this beautiful place. Time and neglect, when hand in hand, are quick ravagers."

Ralph turned to the speaker. "It is sad to recall the old well-tended appearance of all this," he answered softly, "but still there is no one after me, and I should not care to have the old manor in the hands of strangers. There is after all, nothing vulgar in time's possession. Let the old house go, the family is almost gone."

"Perhaps, there is more or less fancy about the scar," he went on, "but belief is made up of fancies. Travel is a very poor salve for a wound like mine." He laughed bitterly. "Frank, I left Paris like a sky-rocket, to escape the wits christening me 'Cain's Protege'."

"Moonshine!"

"Moonshine? I might paint you scenes that have no moonshine. Little you can know or feel the years that I have passed. In the thoroughfares of cities, children have cried at my sight, and in lonely villages, the simple folk have stared at me in consternation. In forests, I have seen the scar cast at night a bloody light across my path and once at a secluded spring I bent to drink and beheld it gleaming in the bubbling pool, and before I could shrink away, blood sweated from the feverish welt, dropped and polluted the pure water."

"A diseased imagination" answered Frank, his voice full of pity. "But I must go."

Ralph arose with his friend and accompanied him down the avenue. They stopped at the hedge. As Frank turned full upon his old friend to say goodnight, the scar

gleamed full in his face. Its brilliancy startled him and he involuntarily broke forth, "You must have injured it. No? Strange, very strange. I must examine it tomorrow. You know I am still a struggling doctor in these healthy parts. Good-night."

Ralph bade his friend good-night and watched him depart. He then slowly retraced his way up the avenue beneath the dark shadows of the trees. The moonlight shimmering through the branches cast grotesque, uncertain shapes at his feet. As he walked he mused, "Poor, simple Frank. Little his concoctions can avail. It needs the Lethean waters to heal the hidden wound, and their banks must centuries ago have been parched by the burning consciences of the Olympians. I—

"Pardon my interruption, sir, but you are laboring under a very ridiculous, yet terrible mistake. Why doubt the Lethean Waters?"

Ralph eyed his questioner curiously, as he stood among the quivering lights and shadows of the moon. He was a queer little personage, scarcely describable, for in truth he never twice looked the same. His height did not exceed four feet, and yet, he could not have been termed a boy. His smooth face was constantly changing from youth to age, from age to youth, always, however, retaining to some degree a resemblance to Ralph.

The costume of the newcomer was a marvelous collection of odds and ends. The tall hat and frock coat seemed singularly familiar to Ralph. He was certain that he recognized the stranger's trousers as the very pair that had ferried him from childhood to boyhood. The boots were undoubtedly the red-topped 'kickers,' that were the pride of his juvenile days. In short the strange arrival was a composite picture of what Ralph had been at various periods of his life. But he had withal a winsome persuading expression in spite of his grotesque appearance, as he stood

in Ralph's path, swinging a doctor's medicine case and demanding, "Again, I say, what reason is there to doubt the existence of those divine mineral waters?"

Ralph tightened his lips to prevent a laugh and answered, "None certainly, as long as money is borrowed."

"That for your quibbling," returned the newcomer, snapping his fingers as contemptuously as his small stature permitted. "I care nothing for your wit. I am a man for facts and deeds, not words. You see in me the happy paradoxical combination of the philanthropist and the practical man. True, I have my enemies who slander me, some even among people I have befriended, but that is the way of this world." He sighed and shook his head sadly at the gross ingratitude of this sphere. "I was passing casually along," he continued, "as I am wont to do, when I heard you lamenting the loss of the famous water of Lethe. My tender sympathies were at once aroused, and I could not but stop and inform you of your error. Believe me, I know these waters do exist, and if you are in need of them, I can guide you to them."

"I shall certainly be indebted to you," answered Ralph, who thought it would be best to humor him. "But would you kindly introduce my proposed benefactor?"

"That is the stumbling-block of all my good intentions. It is wonderful how the mere mention of a name will turn away my most attentive listeners, all without cause I assure you. But the world is growing so narrow-minded, and my enemies have circulated such scurrilous reports about me, that indeed I am in very ill repute. I must appeal to your sense of justice. Allow me, my card." With a ceremonious little bow, the stranger presented a slip of cardboard.

Ralph took the card and read in letters which seemed to burn in the moonlight, '*Dr. Emeritus Fancy.*'

"I am known by numerous titles," explained the

Doctor, "and I have many offices, but that is the name I fancy—I scorn the pun—because of the 'Dr.' Its meaning is so elastic, anything from a mender of souls, or horses, up to a prestidigitator or a palmist. For myself, I am a savant. Degrees? I have more degrees than a millionaire. Well! One month from to-day, on the full moon, I will meet you here and guide you to the water. But I must be off to see my numerous patients. Remember, a month sharp." With this caution the grotesque little figure disappeared in an adjacent tangle, before Ralph could answer a word.

The last visitor left Ralph considerably confused. He stared blankly at the spot where the doctor vanished. His fingers loosened unconsciously around the bit of cardboard and it fluttered away in the darkness. "Pshaw, it was mere fancy," he muttered. Then the force of his words struck him and, smiling grimly, he passed slowly up the avenue into the gloomy house. During the evening the strange promise continually rushed through his brain, till exhausted with the thought he lay down to sleep.

But a fearful sleep! Through the spacious halls and chambers stalk the ghosts of his memory. Phantom scenes and faces flash before his heavy eyes and stir his uneasy sleep. He sees the deserted manor again, the well-kept home of his proud old race, and in it two brothers, the pride of that haughty house. As those brothers grow, there springs between them a jealous dislike, which is fanned and burns into fierce unnatural hatred. Now comes a terrible quarrel—a blow struck—a grapple—a knife drawn—and then, somehow,—who could tell?—one falls gasping and dying, and the other gashed across the brow, branded like Cain, flees into the wilderness. Then passes a wanderer, who, roaming from land to land, watches a shattered family go broken-hearted to the grave, until he alone remains the last of his blood. That wanderer returns, white-haired and burned out by internal fires, and sleeps again beneath

the family roof. In those pictures that flit across Ralph's bed, shadows stop, point to the gleaming scar, and breathe in chilly whispers at his ear. "The murderer has come. Shall he sleep amid his work?"

Several weeks after his return Ralph was sitting on the portico of the manor in company with three of his early friends. They were all old men who had felt heavily the blow of defeated hopes. One was a distinguished lawyer, retired by a reverse in politics, another a celebrated divine, under a ban of heresy, and the last, Dr. Frank Moran. The conversation after exhausting the usual numerous reminiscences, questions and answers of old friends, who have not seen each other for years, at last flagged.

"The scar has been steadily fading since you began treatment," suddenly remarked Dr. Moran. "I am much flattered."

"Pooh! If it is true, I attribute it more to your good-fellowship than to your poisons," answered Ralph. "But I want the opinion of all on something, if you agree to keep your wit and ridicule to yourselves." He then related the visit of the curious Dr. Fancy.

As he closed the gentlemen exchanged glances, but not a look or word of ridicule. At last the minister spoke in serious voice.

"I met him once. He was Temptation, but he masqueraded as Philosophy. He is precarious company."

"I knew him in my youth," said the lawyer. "He was Ambition, though he persuaded me he was Patriotism."

"I too have known him and still meet him," added the doctor. "I call him Experiment, but he gave you his true name, Dr. Fancy. Leave my rival alone, his fees are too great."

When the month had elapsed, Ralph was at the appointed meeting-place. He was awaiting Dr. Fancy and trying to persuade himself he was not. A full moon was

again shining on the same surroundings and on the same haggard face, even more worn and wan. Reason had about convinced Ralph that the previous visit was a dream when the little philanthropist pushed through a neighboring copse.

"Good evening," he panted almost out of breath. "I have just been treating a miser for avarice. Ugh! He was a hard patient. I dosed him with love, but had to gild the pill well, before he would swallow it. Well, we must be up and off to recover lost time."

Ralph's reason gave one last twinge. "Look here, my friend, I appreciate your kind offers, but you must excuse me if I refuse to follow any wild-goose chase you may choose to lead me. I also want something nearer than the end of the rain-bow. Where are we going?"

"Just a short jaunt back into the mountains," assured the doctor. "You see the original Lethe is very difficult and dangerous to reach. Besides there is a long rigmarole formula of ancient rites one must perform, which are tiresome and obnoxious to a mortal of these advanced times. Moreover in your present state of mind I doubt if you would be willing to take a very extensive journey. Fortunately all that is needless. Some little distance from here there is, or rather will be, a fountain, which possesses all the properties of Lethe."

With this explanation the doctor set out and Ralph, thus relieved, followed in silence. As they stalked along, the doctor chatted so entertainingly of his marvelous cures and many adventures that the distance travelled passed unnoticed.

They climbed the foothills into the steeper acclivities. Soon they left the beaten path and zigzagged back and forth through the mountains. On, on, the guide pressed. At length he turned into the dry bed of a mountain stream, and up its winding course he hastened. The pair reached a narrow gorge, where the stream had burst its way through

a mountain, and slipped into its grim portal. The two crept noiselessly along the sanded floor between the lofty walls, which overhead seemed to meet, and finally they stole forth into a dark vale, enclosed on every side by a rampart of mountains.

The moon had not yet risen sufficiently to surmount the surrounding mountain turrets and penetrate the valley. Cold thick shadows dropped down around each object and smothered it in ponderous folds of night. The chilly stillness pervaded Ralph's heart and stirred an ominous foreboding, which even the clever gossip of Dr. Fancy could not dispel. Where the darkness was most intense and brooded over the spot, the travellers stopped and waited.

As a little light from the rising moon escaped the mountain-tops, Ralph was able to discern dimly the surroundings. He found overhead a huge hanging rock, and at his feet a rocky basin.

Suddenly the moon burst in splendor over the mountains. The straight rays crept foward, lighting up the valley as they came, until they reached and nestled around the rock, black and lowering. The stone, bathed in silver-yellow flood, gave forth a sweet liquid tone, clear and melodious as the high swell of an organ, and down tumbled the waters in a burst, catching and carrying the moonbeams. The brilliant cascade struck the smooth rocks and tossed up myriads of living diamonds. The sparkling water gurgled and flashed around the basin, and then glided away to the edge of a precipice from whence came the sounding rush of the cascade, falling down and down.

"Drink! Drink! While it flows," cried Fancy.

Ralph bent over the swirling glittering pool—hesitated—saw a thousand scars quivering in the whirling water—and drank.

* * * * *

When a week passed and nothing of Ralph Marston

had been seen, his three friends went in search of him. Returning from a baffled quest, they came across him on a country road. He was walking aimlessly along surrounded by a group of wondering school-children to whom he was chattering.

He did not know his friends. They spoke to him. He turned upon them a vacant childish stare, and babbled, "Have you seen my brother? We were coming from school and he ran away across the fields. But I shall beat him home."

They looked for the scar. It was gone.

—*Robert E. Rinehart.*

RESTRAINT

You, my friend, urged by an inward fever
All life's moods of mirth and days of tears
Freely from your heart have sung and spoken,—
Words that fell on cold, unmindful ears!

These with scorning, those with sneers have paid you,
Some have smiled, some passed unheeding by.
And you feel the world grows farther from you ;
Men love not an earnest, bitter cry.

Yet quail not, but like the darkened embers
Let your heart burn deeper still within.
Reck not if the world be unregardful,
So the new, unspoken life begin.

You shall know the cruel pain of silence
(Hot words shut forever in your heart)
But your soul restrained shall ever deepen,
Silent strength of stars shall be your part!

Calmness of the sky at summer dawning,
Power of the deep, unawakened sea,—
Nature's strength of peace and strength of smiting,
These shall grow in you and make you free!

—*Raymond Sanderson Williams.*

EDITORIAL

The LIT. publishes this month, following the usual custom, the oration to which the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE prize was awarded in the contest on Washington's Birthday. The prize was won by William Woods, of the Sophomore class. We take pleasure in congratulating him upon his success.

We are able at length to announce the names of the winners of the special poetry and short story contests. The poem to which the prize was awarded is that entitled "Thalassa! Thalassa!" by Edward Harshberger Butler 1904, while the story entitled "Castle and Company, Love-makers," by Pax. P. Hibben 1903, gained the prize for the best short story. Both of these articles appear in this issue.

We take this opportunity of thanking the following gentlemen of the faculty who so kindly acted as judges for these three contests: Professors T. M. Parrott, J. H. Westcott, E. Y. Robbins, H. F. Covington, A. G. Cameron, and Mr. Frank Macdonald.

Owing to the publication of the LIT. contest prize productions, the appearance of the Baird prize oration and Baird prize poem is necessarily delayed until the April number.

GOSSIP: OF OTHER PEOPLE

"He that meets me in the forest to-day shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum*. Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation."

—Charles Lamb; "Essays of Elia."

"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold."

—Wm. Shakespeare; "As You Like It."

You, dear reader, have undoubtedly observed that other people, in their several kinds and various degrees, are extremely peculiar. Most of us do make this discovery by the time we have advanced as far as sophomore year: it then becomes evident that each of us is the type—the norm of the *genus humanum*—from which all others are more or less pardonable variations. There is therefore something altruistic in this subject of fools—not of fools in particular, nor fools by force of circumstances (as, for instance, those of whom the Gossip has hitherto discoursed with such penetration and wisdom), but fools in the broad and humanitarian sense that justifies a belief in the brotherhood of men.

This theme is of infinite complexity; so diverse and indefinable are the vagaries indulged by our acquaintance, that it seems impossible to classify the vast foolish bulk of mankind. Of course there are those that now and then suspect their fallibility, and those that do not: but the analysis can go no further; for those that occasionally have a doubt of themselves are more or less wise, and proportionately uninteresting and foreign to the present dissertation; and those that have no such apprehensions,—they are incomprehensible and unaccountable. The Gossip must therefore relinquish all hope of treating his chosen subject philosophically, and must satisfy your eager curiosity as best he may with a few representative types.

The sort of man that most grieves the Gossip's sensibilities is the philistine. Your true philistine, in this our little college world, is not the man who frankly chooses his electives in deference to his schedule, planning four joyous years with the degree of A.B. as a final benediction, but the man who regards his course as a bargain, and who, in return for the dollars paid the treasurer, and for the time exacted by the registrar, proposes to reap a full harvest of knowledge. He hopes never to read another line of Greek after he has signed the pledge to his last examina-

tion in it, he sees neither sentimental nor practical value to himself in the theory of functions, he can find only one quotable phrase in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and has no further interest in Lear and his daughters after finding what their fate is to be:—but, Lord! sir, has not he paid to be informed about all these things? Then let him be at the business of collecting the education due him; let him learn the exceptions that constitute Greek grammar, let him familiarize himself with algebraic formulae until the day of trial be passed, let him commit to memory the wit and wisdom contained in the required plays of Shakespeare; and above all let him win first-group standing, that none may say his investment has been unprofitable.

Your philistine worthy of the tribe will do all this and more. Though, during the hour set for instruction, his thoughts may for a time dwell upon the appreciative earnestness of the lecturer, it is not for long; his wandering ideas soon return to the fundamental basis of facts, and in a note-book consecrated to this service, he records the statements that Marlowe was master of the mighty line, that Shakespeare was myriad-minded, that Milton's blank verse is grand and lofty, that someone or other was almost a great poet, etc. He knows that these morsels of erudition, when expanded by reference to a dictionary of synonyms, and supplemented by excerpts of greater or less appropriateness, are useful for examinations, LIT. work and much beside. In fact, it is from such dicta that he deduces his judgment of books, and by maxims similarly sanctioned that he guides his conduct; for his escutcheon bears the quarterings of Dogberry and Polonius.

Quite like the philistine—differing from him only in being more irrepressibly voluble, is the rapturous gentleman who is described as

"A most intense young man,
A soulful-eyed young man,
An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical,
Out-of-the-way young man."

According as his ambitions are intellectual or spiritual, he leads the inner life of the imagination, or the inner life of the soul. But the phrase *inner life* implies no reticence. As you are buying a five-cent bag of Durham, he will ask your views upon pantheism, or will enquire your estimate of the relative potentialities of tragic and epic poetry. If you encourage him, he will expatiate upon Leibnitz's monadology, Greek sculpture, the sources of *Hamlet*, German music, the current number of the LIT., Renaissance art, the religions of the East, the psychology of genius, the Manichean heresy, the Roycroft publications, mediaeval Italian humanism, and Abyssinian folk-lore. And each of these minor topics of conversation, be it Homer, or the Gossip, or Spinoza, is but an illustrative or antithetical digression from the main theme of ideals. For the aesthete is preeminently a creature of ideals—by which are meant certain modes of thought that are assuredly esoteric, since they are not to be understood by others.

This, the aesthete's mode of asserting personal superiority by insistence upon ideals, is unfortunately liable to certain unfounded but inevitable qualms of self-misgiving. More effective and satisfactory than this exaltation of self, because less dependent upon subjective emotions, is the method of maintaining directly the inferiority of others. If there is somewhat of pity in this attitude, the person thus condescending is entitled to consider himself benevolent and philanthropic: but he who finds in the inferiority of the rest of the world a subject for laughter, malicious or genial, writes himself large as a cynic.

Such a man, a satirist, a knocker, is the most flagrant example of human foolishness. He is hopeless: he seems to believe that wisdom survives upon this earth only as it is incarnate in himself; he rails continually, and proves his claim to distinction by making himself superlatively disagreeable; he is the sort of a fellow that, from his free subscription to *The Princetonian*, compiles a florilegium of characteristic utterances; you can never be sure that he is not sarcastic even when he asks so simple a question as whether you have a light; if you try to reason him out of his folly, he retorts upon you a wholly irrelevant *tu quoque*; be earnest and serious with him, and he laughs; he is a very flagitious individual. But the Gossip is growing personal.

EDITOR'S TABLE

For the February magazines we have only praise. "William Hazlitt," in the *Columbia Lit. Monthly* is a full study of the influences of his times, his friends, and his work, upon an author of most sensitive disposition. "How Bois Found the Real" is fantastic and mystical. "The Amanita" in the *Yale Lit.* is cleverly conceived and well told. In the story "Greer's Dam" in the *Harvard Monthly*, the descriptions are excellent, but the action is rather weak; the author of the essay, "The Plays of M. Maurice Maeterlinck" argues that the symbolism of the Belgian is not meaningless or void of beauty to the "ordinary man." "Created," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, though a short sketch, is full of feeling, and has a rare virtue in not being overdone. We note also the interesting description of "The Passion Play." "La Noire Aiguille," in the *Yale Courant*, is a beautiful little painting of flowers and waves and crags of a Brittany coast. The inconsistency between the nature of the philosopher and his theories is ably discussed in "A Study of John Stuart Mill" in the *Smith Monthly*. "A Dream of Beauty" in the *Bowdoin Quill* is a well written plea for the preservation of the beauty and ideality of university life from the "brutal reality" from which, after college, a man can hardly be saved.

Among the best literary studies are "The Voice of the Earth Spirit" and "Guy De Maupassant, in the *Yale Lit.*," "The Classicism of Matthew Arnold" in the *Amherst Lit.*, and "Johnson and His Style" in the *Univ. of Vir. Magazine*.

BEAUTY

An angel's song, through gates ajar,
Rang out from heaven from star to star,
It did not fade, the spheres rejoice,
God blessed the song, 'twas Beauty's voice.

A gem of dew in a lily's breast,
The blush of morn on the mountain's crest,
A drop of nectar the wild bee sips
God mingled, and 'twas Beauty's lips.

A shadow crept from a cavern's mouth,
A red, red rose bloomed in the South,
The phantom shade and the flow'ret fair
God mingled, and 'twas Beauty's hair.

A maiden's dream of love and truth,
The roseate hopes of sunny youth,
Pale star-shine lost in daybreak skies
God mingled, and 'twas Beauty's eyes.

—Floyd W. Jefferson, in the *Yale Courant*.

WHO PAINTS THE LILY?

Who paints the lily's cup?
 Conceives its fair design?
 Who holds its fragile calyx up
 With gift of ruby wine?
 Before the lily sees
 Red sun of summer shine
 Her petals all are dyed to please
 As erst in Palestine.

Who 'neath the winter's snow
 Preserved the happy thought,
 And in those chambers dark below
 A thing of beauty wrought?
 Whose skill was it,—we ask,
 Lay tint on line and spot?
 Who never once about his task
 The rich design forgot?

Who to the ripening seed
 Gave flattering promise clear
 That lilies fair in flowery mead
 Should bloom the coming year?
 Enough it is for me
 To find the lily here,
 And in the perfect calyx see
 That steadfast Thought appear.

—Isaac Bassett Choat, in the Bowdoin Quill.

DUTCH LULLABY

The weather-brown windmill swings to rest;
 Its whimsical drone is o'er.
 The peat-smoke mantles a curling crest
 On the quay by the dyke-bound shore.
 While the Zuyder Zee sings low to thee,
 Murmuring "Kindje, sleep."

The fancy-fairies have sailed away,
 'Cross the twinkling moon-winked snow,
 In the steeple-hats of mynheer's array
 And his sturdiest wooden sabots.—
 Oh! for the streams of the land of dreams,
 Whispering "Kindje, sleep."

So quick, my sweet, ere the goblin-elf
 Peer out on thy blue-bright eyes,
 For swift he swoops from the nottery-shelf
 And dread are the dreams he plies.
 But never a fear for the moon rides clear,
 Signalling, "Kindje, sleep."

—Howard A. Plummer, in the Yale Lib.

BOOK TALK

Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The Bowen-Merrill Co.
\$1.50.

Truly, the climax of the historical novel has at last been reached. If, as our comic weeklies would have it, the highest achievement in this line is the work of that author who can assemble the greatest number of historically important personages between the covers of his book, the palm must ungrudgingly be tendered to Mary Hartwell Catherwood. If there should be any characters of distinction upon two continents who are not made to contribute something to the working out of the story of "*Lazarre*," the reader must feel that this seeming neglect is an oversight which would cause the author unending regret, but which can be readily condoned upon consideration of the vast concourse of worthies who so throng the pages of the book. The first Napoleon and Jefferson Davis, Aaron Burr and Daniel Webster all figure in some degree in the making of this novel. The writer is as much at home in the backwoods of territorial Indiana as in the Tuileries, and sufficiently familiar with the latter to discover hidden closets and secret springs in the walls of the old palace.

Yet the story is a fascinating one, teeming with all the action that the most avid devourer of historical novels could desire. Pretenders to thrones have ever been of a character lending itself easily to romance—so little being known of them as a rule, that the writer who deals with such a theme enjoys a relatively free hand. This pretender furnishes especially excellent material, since the author has chosen to paint him so pure and upright and manly that, be he Bourbon or not, he must needs command our love, and the following of his fortunes cannot fail to be a wholesome and agreeable employment. He is made to tell his own story, modestly and straightforwardly—a story of such sweetness and charm that strenuous action and ambitious plot fade into insignificance beside the development and delineation of his spotless character.

The illustrations by Andre Castaigne add in no inappreciable degree to the excellence of the book.

Henry V. A Typical Medieval Hero. By Charles S. Kingsford. Putnam. \$1.35 net.

The latest addition to the "Heroes of the Nations" series will no doubt meet with the same approval that has already welcomed the numerous volumes that have preceded it. It is a story of the life of the great Lancastrian king, warrior and statesman, the ideal hero of the declining Middle ages, whose deeds of arms have been sung in ballad, embodied in the popular legend, and enshrined in the hearts of all by the immortal pen of Shakespeare. Henry the Fifth entered upon his brief reign at a time when the social, political and religious fabric of mediaeval Europe was slowly but surely crumbling away; the church was rent in twain; the governments of the continent were in a disordered shape, and even a greater genius than Henry could not have stemmed the tide of disintegration setting in upon the ancient institutions.

Upon his accession he was well grounded in political science and military tactics, his active participation in the affairs of state and actual war experience on the Welsh border when yet but a stripling having given him that mastery over the problems of the time which enabled him to become the foremost warrior and the most successful diplomat of his age.

There is no more interesting part of Henry's career than his exploits in France. The battle of Agincourt, where English yeomanry crushed the flower of French chivalry is one of the great achievements of all time. Henry's whole life was one remarkable activity. He thoroughly believed in his claim upon the French crown, and when once convinced, all his action was marked by that quick decisiveness so largely instrumental to his extraordinarily successful career. To this was added a charm of personality that affected both friend and foe. Mr. Kingsford states the reasons of his successful policy in this way. "What Henry the Fifth could and did understand was the importance of a genuine national spirit both in politics and religion. He saw that England must be self-reliant and in a sense self-sufficient; he aimed rightly to secure her perfect independence without isolating her from the general policy of Christian nations.

Johnnie Courteau. By William Henry Drummond.

This little volume consists of a number of short poems dealing with the "habitant" life of the French-Canadians. Johnnie Courteau is a typical *voyageur*, both strong and brave, who is wonderfully changed by marrying the former school mistress, for he is quieter and owns two farms and an unusually neat "cabine." The other poems are about Father

O'Hara the little priest, the country doctor, and the care-free life of the hunter and trapper. Mr. Drummond gives us the poetic side of the French-Canadian as James Whitcomb Riley gives the poetry of American farm life. The book is comparatively free from the unpronounceable French and local names which are found in such works. The local coloring is strong and vivid pictures are presented to the imagination.

With Lead and Line. By Charles Henry Webb (John Paul). Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.

The verses of Charles Henry Webb (better known by his *nom de plume*, John Paul) have been familiar to the reading public. For many years patrons of the *New York Times* found keen delight in the lines sparkling with wit that appeared over his name. Recently, a collection of these stray snatches was published under the title of *Vagrom Verse*. In a letter of warmest appreciation to the author, James Russell Lowell writes of this volume: "Dr. Holmes and I clapped hands over it together." Many will "clap hands" over Mr. Webb's latest collection, "With Lead and Line." However the years may have silvered the head of its writer, they have not touched the youthfulness of his heart; and the enthusiasm, the passion, the appreciation displayed in this work prove that the author still possesses the essential characteristics of the poet. He has spun the web of his poetry about many and varied themes. "Sid Fisher" and "Polly Coffin" are poems of heroism. In the stanza to "Elizabeth, My Wife" glows the devotion of love. Humor, delightful for its freshness yet elusive in its subtlety, plays through many of the poems; while *Gran'ther's Fun* has a pathos that appeals straight to the heart. Despite the tragic and the pathetic that appears here and there, Mr. Webb rarely fails to evoke a smile. And it is this brightness, this rainbow-making gift that we find the typical feature of his verse. No less a critic than George Cary Eggleston does not hesitate to assert that "With Lead and Line" is "by all odds the worthiest book of verse put forth this year."

"*Marlowe—A Drama.*" By Josephine Preston Peabody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

It is interesting and pleasant to discover that we have on this side of the ocean one who can write dramatic blank verse that is really blank verse, and that is dramatic. "Marlowe" is a drama that creates atmosphere, and brings one into intimate and close acquaintance with that phenomenal group of so-called pre-Shakspearian dramatists. It is the humanity of the

book that does this. "Marlowe" is man, and not a vague poetic shadow: his friends are his friends and good fellows, and not the horrible concepts of a mixture of drink and poetic genius that most writers have left us. So we can not help thanking Miss Peabody for the pleasure she has given us, and for the justice she has done her subject. The blank verse is good swinging verse, with few bad lines; and best of all it often rises to poetic heights that I imagine even "Marlowe" himself would not have laughed at. The setting is beautiful, and the descriptions are so carefully worded that we can see the play on the stage with every detail of the scenery. Now if the poem has a defect, I should say it lies in this, for in order to have full force, and to bring back the Elizabethan colour with any degree of success, no mechanical effects should be brought before the reader. This however, sinks into insignificance before the virtues — and they are many.

The Wild-Fowlers. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. \$1.00.

Here is a book for sportsmen, and a most enjoyable one, with a laugh on every other page, and valuable information on every page. If one is interested in duck-shooting, especially duck-shooting in the great Bay, here is the book for him. It will tell him many things to do, in order to get the most sport out of a days shooting, and better still it will tell him many things not to do; and this is a blessing for every true sportsman whether he read the book or not.

Hester Blair. By W. O. Corson. Boston: C. M. Clark. \$1.50.

"The sweetest love story ever told." At least that is what the advertisements say. I remember passing through the stage of dime novels and books bound in yellow paper. What a pity that "Hester Blair" is not bound in yellow paper; or at least what a pity that we are not ten years old again. In this book we have all the old essentials—the heroine who cries. "And even here under the shadow of the altar of Almighty God, here, while his teachings still echo in the stillness, with a relentlessness born of lust, and a daring fostered by the souls he has destroyed, even here, under the shadow of the cross, he dares a just heaven that but pauses ere it deals him retribution." And the villain: "'You lie.' Fenton fairly hissed the words. John laughed scoffingly"—and so forth. Doesn't it bring it all back—those delicious dime novel days? What a pity this one is bound in red cloth.

Poems. By Vaughan Moody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A volume to make us believe that poetic genius is not—as so many would have us believe—a thing of the past. This new volume contains some good stirring lines with melody in each verse. "The Ode in Time of Hesitation" is so well known that I hesitate to mention it. That, however, and a sonnet "Harmonics" are the best poems in the book.

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